

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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PERFECTION.

'Tis not enough to save our souls,
To shun the eternal fires;
The thought of God will rouse the heart
To more sublime desires.

God only is the creature's home,
Though long and rough the road;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.

A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?

How little of that road, my soul,
How little hast thou gone!
Take heart, and let the thought of God
Allure thee further on.

The freedom from all wilful sin,
The Christian's daily task,—
Oh, these are graces far below
What longing love would ask!

Good is the cloister's silent shade,
Cold watch and pining fast;
Better the mission's wearing strife,
If there thy lot be cast.

Yet none of these perfection needs:
Keep thy heart calm all day,
And catch the words the Spirit there
From hour to hour may say.

Be docile to thine unseen Guide,
Love him as He loves thee;
Time and obedience are enough,
And thou a saint shalt be!

—*Faber.*

THE SOUL'S CRY FOR GOD.

"My heart crieth out for the living God."—PSALMS
lxxxiv. 2.

No demand of the human soul is more
deep, more pathetic, more inextinguishable,
than its cry for God.

This cry began seemingly with man's
creation on the earth. Certainly it has accom-
panied all his earthly history so far as we
can trace that history, nor does there ap-
pear to be any reason for supposing that it
will ever cease, so long as he remains in the
world. This cry of the soul for God is what
all the altars and temples and religions of
the world mean; it is what its philosophies
really mean; it is the deepest impulse of its
poetry and art and music; I am not sure
but it will some time be seen that it is the
real meaning of its science.

Said Saint Augustine, "Thou madest us
for thyself, O God, and our heart is restless
until it repose in thee."

As a babe feels out instinctively for its
mother's breast, and cannot be happy or
still until it finds it; as the caged eagle is
restless inside its bars and can be satisfied
only when it feels its wings beating the free
air; as the human eye pines for light, the
human mind for truth, and the human heart
for love,—so the human soul, in its weakness,
ignorance, and imperfection, is restless,
must be. Its very weakness cries out for a
support higher than itself, its very igno-
rance cries out for a wisdom higher than its
own, its very imperfection cries out for
perfection; and not until these are found, as
they can only be found in God, does it
seem possible, in the nature of the case, that
man, created as he is, can rest or find peace.

In loneliness the soul instinctively cries out to God. And how much loneliness there is in every human life! It does not require residence in a forest or a desert to beget loneliness. There is no more weary or oppressive solitude than that which many a soul inhabits in the midst of a crowd. To be in the midst of human beings who do not understand us or sympathize with what is deepest in us, to have hopes and fears, sorrows, yearnings, and ideals, that we can tell no one,—ah, that is to be lonely, indeed! What is the resource? The holiest, the sweetest, the most blessed resource that man ever found is God. In him we have a Friend that understands us wholly, to whom we can tell all, with whom is perfect sympathy.

When we suffer wrongs, our souls instinctively cry out to God. Alas! the danger is lest we cry out for vengeance upon the wrong-doer. If we do that, the lash will fall upon our own backs. The ideal for us is the prayer of Jesus for his crucifiers, "Father, forgive them: they know not what they do."

Or, even if we are not able to reach the height of that, it is much to be able to look up and say, "O God, thou knowest mine innocence; thou art not deceived; thou dost not misjudge or misunderstand." Many a man misjudged and wronged by his fellows, who without this resource would have been utterly overborne and crushed, has been able to bear all and keep a cheerful and courageous heart to the end, because in the night watches he has been able to look up to God and say, "Thou knowest; none can hide the truth from thee; thou art a witness to my integrity."

There is no time when the soul has more reason to cry out for God than in temptation. He who in temptation to evil shuts God out of his thought is in most serious peril, if he be not lost already. But he who draws near to God, to shape his yea or nay to the tempter in the light of the Divine Presence, is safe. The question, "What will God have me to do?" and the prayer, "God help me to be true and do right," will prove a shield against which the fieriest darts of temptation will be impotent.

Or if, neglecting God, the tempted one has fallen into sin, then what shall he do? Shall he continue his neglect? This he will be only too likely to do. But he must not yield. God now is his hope. Let him, like the prodigal, say, "I will arise and go unto my Father"; and yet not to escape justice. Let him not make the mistake of crying to be delivered from the penalty due his sin.

There is no true repentance and no safety in that. Just penalty is kind. Let him pray for grace and strength to bear the retribution, and to rise up through the just desert borne into strength to overcome in future time.

One of the deepest and most passionate cries for God that the human soul ever knows is that which it utters in the presence of bereavement. To see those who are very dear to us, dearer than life itself, loosen themselves from our arms and drift away from us out over the silent river, we unable with all our effort and tears to hold them back,—this is anguish that is unspeakable. Is there no assuagement of it? No balm in Gilead?

The most helpful and blessed resource that man has ever found in all his experience on the earth is faith in an infinite Love over all, who takes away our loved ones only to keep them in his more immediate presence and tenderer care,—the faith that sings:—

"They are not dead! they have but passed
Beyond the mists that blind us here,
Into the new and larger life
Of a serener sphere.

"And ever near us, though unseen,
Their dear, immortal spirits tread—
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead."

The faith that all our dear ones are God's dear ones as well as ours, and therefore are safe; and that it is only a matter of a little while before the veil will part and the shadows will roll away, and we shall all be one again, reunited in our Father's house,—this faith makes us all conquerors over death. In its presence death vanishes away and is not. All is life, life eternal in God.

Friends, we little realize what treasures, exhaustless and infinite, we have in God.

Imagine a world without God, and then we see. Without God the universe loses its meaning. Without God reason is baffled in its every flight. Without God our ideals are dreams and our hopes are bubbles. Without God faith's feet stand on nothing. Without God immortality fades away, and man sinks down essentially to the level of the brute, and death speedily swallows up all.

But with God, oh, with God, the world is rational, the universe is alive, man is immortal, hope lights eternal fires, love reigns in all worlds, and there is no good thing in earth or heaven that is not waiting to be ours.—*J. T. Sunderland.*

THE STILL HOUR.

Grant us a body pure within;
 A wakeful heart, a ready will;
 Grant us, by no deep cherish'd sin,
 The fervor of the soul to chill.

Fill Thou our souls, Redeemer true!
 With Thy most pure celestial ray;
 So may we walk in safety through
 All the temptations of this day.

—Breviary.

PRAYER OF ONE CUMBERED WITH MUCH SERV-
 ING, WHO SEEKS REST AND REFRESHMENT
 WITH GOD.

O Thou, who never retest or hastest, but art the energy of all force, the source of all order, the spring of all life, by thee all things move quietly in their appointed courses, and the universe stands fast evermore. And I, too, would fain work with thee in my allotted place and according to the strength which thou hast given me. I earnestly desire to be able to consecrate to thee, with increasing sincerity and completeness, all my powers and my whole life. But I cannot attain to any peaceful and equable energy: my heart is perplexed and divided, even when it most eagerly desires to be wholly thine. It is not, O Father, that I am cumbered with the weakness of the flesh and the cares of this life; for these are the necessary conditions of my service, and thou wilt help me to make them the occasions of my strength. But, even when I have risen to the height of a sincere aspiration after dutifulness, and have girded myself for toil in thy vineyard, other difficulties perplex, other temptations assail me, and I find not the peace which I had hoped. I am divided between conflicting duties; and it is hard for me to know that I am serving thee where thou wouldst have me work. My toil goes away from me, and comes not back again. Thy ways, O God, are slow, thy winters long and drear; and, because I see no springing furrows, I am tempted to believe that there will be no harvest. I have striven to enter into communion with thee by labor, and now I long for the restfulness of meditation and of prayer. While I work, I am too much with myself and with men, and I would live more and more quietly with thee, and grow into the likeness of thy holiness, and go down no more into the fields of effort till I can render thee a better and less incomplete obedience. And yet the night cometh,

and I must work, while it is day. I am in a strait betwixt two. Where shall I find thee, O God, my strength, my rest?

O Father, take me more completely out of myself and make me thine; for it is not my own work that I try to do, but thine. Thou needest not me, nor any son of man; and, as the years come and go and the generations pass, thou workest still thy wise designs. Make me feel that to try, with all my heart and strength, to do my duty, is indeed to have done it; and that for all the errors and shortcomings of thy children who in truth endeavor to do thy work, thy might and wisdom will far more than make up. Give me a steadier and more cheerful faith that no honest labor for thee is ever in vain, but, near or far off, earns its just reward. Strengthen me to apply myself earnestly to the duty that lies nearest to my hand, and to think no service mean which I can perform in the recollection of thy holiness and in the consciousness of working together with thy will. And make me feel, as in my better moments I have felt before, that I need not lie still to see thee, or be girt about with the silence of meditation to hear thee; but that thou art never nearer to thy servants than in the throng and press of daily duty, and speakest to them from the midst of common cares and temptations. Give me always an eye to see thee, an ear to catch thy voice, a heart to love thy will, and, working or resting, I shall need no more. And, from the earthly toil which makes rest sweet and needful, lift my heart and hope to the heavenly labor which is rest itself; and quicken me into communion with thine own everlasting energy, which is eternal joy.—*Alone to the Alone.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club, to be printed here.

OFFERS.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.: "The Bible for Learners" (3 vols.); "Bits of Talk about Home Matters," H. H.; "Hard Times," Dickens; "Lilith," George Mac-

donald; "Miss Gilbert's Career"; "French Pictures"; "Elizabeth and her German Garden"; "The Master of the Magicians"; "Essays," William Hazlitt; "History of English Literature," W. F. Collier; "We and our Neighbors," H. B. Stowe; "Ladies' Fancy Work"; "Pratt Portraits," Anna Fuller; "Problems in Arithmetic," Southworth; "Principles of Rhetoric"; "Rote-Song Book"; "Milnes's Progressive Arithmetic," Parts 1, 2, 3; "Composition and Rhetoric," Lockwood and Emerson; "A Progressive Course in English Secondary Schools," Stebbins; "Elements of English Composition"; "Walton and Holmes's Arithmetic" (3 parts); "New Educational Music Course" (5 parts); "Harmonic Primer and Readers"; "Composition and Rhetoric."

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I would like some good books; anything would be appreciated, especially "The Silver Cross" and "Ships that Pass in the Night." Miss Emma Little, Washington, North Carolina, R. D. 4.

2. Mrs. H. M. Jackson, R. F. D. 4, Whitakers, North Carolina, asks for "The Calling of Dan Matthews," by Harold Bell Wright; "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," Fox; "Young Marooners"; and "Astronomy for Everybody," by Prof. Simon Newcombe.

3. I am, first and above all, a minister. I also teach and study. I am trying to work my way through college. Teaching is my means. I am now hard at work studying my college course. My aim in life is some day to secure a professorship of history in a college. During the time I shall preach. I am making history my major study. I also study economics and educational subjects—pedagogy. I shall be obliged to you if you will send me histories and any books that will aid me in a college course, also any good books treating the Bible. I would like a history of Europe, and "A History of the American Nation," also Winsor's "History of America," and an encyclopædia. (Rev.) W. R. Chapman, Bealeton, Virginia.

4. A cheery letter and a good book will be welcome to Mrs. Addie M. Glass, South Brewer, Maine, R. F. D. 1. Mrs. Glass lost her husband and home the past winter.

5. Mrs. J. D. Harvell, Manteo, North Carolina, will be glad of magazines.

6. Rev. Robert Carraway, Tarbon, North Carolina, will appreciate anything in the way of magazines.

7. Mrs. Ella W. Cook, Tennessee Colony, Texas, a farmer's wife, living twenty-five miles from a railroad, fond of reading, will be very grateful for good reading.

8. I once belonged to the Cheerful Letter Society, and received reading which I enjoyed very much, and also my children enjoyed it. I have not received any reading for a good while, excepting the *Cheerful Letter*, which one of my corresponding friends in Massachusetts had sent me. I do enjoy it so much, as it is all the reading I get; and so I come again asking for reading. We live in a remote place, and not able to support our little family with all they need, not able to supply them with reading they should have. I have four children, all girls, and all like good reading, but seldom get any. My two oldest daughters, aged twenty and seventeen years, would like correspondence, as they are fond of writing. It has been three years since I received any reading from the Cheerful Letter friends. Mrs. P. J. Nelson, Critz, Virginia.

9. Mrs. J. E. Broadaway, Polkton, R. F. D. 3, Box 30, North Carolina, will be very glad to receive reading.

10. Mrs. M. C. Allison, 110 West Sixth Street, Fort Worth, Texas, will appreciate any reading.

11. Miss Pauline H. Brown, Northport Maine, will be glad of magazines or books.

12. Any reading matter is asked for by Mrs. Dora Smith, Wadesboro, North Carolina, R. 1, Box 33.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. Sarah Gilbert, from Atlantic, Iowa, to Fullerton, Nebraska.

Mrs. M. E. Oades, from Moclipo to Raymond, Washington.

Mrs. Esther Ross, from Dodson, Virginia, to Buffalo Ridge, Virginia.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

JUDGE LINDSEY'S LETTER TO BOYS.

Dear Boys,—Since I have been in the Juvenile Court of Denver for ten years, I have come to realize that it is the boys much more than the girls who seem to need reminders of their duties to themselves, their parents, their home, their neighborhood, their school, and their country, and yet it is pleasing to know that most boys are good, wholesome, manly, brave fellows.

Boys love to have fun, and they are entitled to have fun; but one of the first lessons that a boy must learn is that there is a place where fun ends and the law begins,—a place where his rights end and the rights of others begin. There is always a limit, even to the right of a boy to tease his little sister or to tease the cat,—a place where teasing ceases to be fun and begins to be cruelty.

Then one of the first lessons a boy should learn is to be thoughtful of the rights of others, whether those others are boys, neighbors, or dumb animals.

There are two kinds of strength, physical and moral. Physical strength is important, but it does not compare in importance with moral strength. Moral strength means character. A boy who is strong enough to defeat any boy of his size in physical contests is rightly admired, but the boy who can win in the contest between good and evil is to be more admired. I mean the boy who in the face of temptation is strong enough to stand up against the jeers and sneers of his companions and refuse to do a wicked act. I mean the boy who will always stand for the right, no matter what the consequences may be. I mean the boy who is afraid of only one thing in the world,—afraid to do wrong.

Thousands of boys learn the false doctrine, "Lie all you can, steal all you can, cheat all you can, so long as you don't get caught"; but this is a stupid policy.

Let every boy look well to his habits. Every boy is a bundle of habits. These habits are either good or bad. Good habits make strong characters,—bright, manly boys and good men. Bad habits make weak, cowardly boys and bad men.

And, finally, let me urge upon all boys to be *square*. Be square with each other, on the play-ground, with the teacher, in the schoolroom and with your parents in the home. This means, above all things, you must not lie. Let each boy value his word of honor as dearer to him than silver or gold. Accept punishment every

time rather than to lie or violate your word of honor. This will not always be easy, but you may rest assured it will always be worth while. This will make you strong enough in the end to resist all the temptations in the world in which you are about to enter and secure to you a career of usefulness that will make your life worth while.

—*The Woman's Home Companion.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE END OF THE STORY OF THE RHINOCEROS.

The first thing to be done after breakfast was to dress the Captain's wound. I had just finished that when I heard a sound indicating the approach of panthers. A familiarity with and a correct interpretation of sounds form one of the lessons which the life of a hunter and a naturalist inculcates and enforces. It is essential to self-preservation; the eyes cannot be in every direction; while they do duty in front, the ears must be on the alert in the rear or on one side or both. I was kneeling at the side of the rhinoceros, his head turned eastward, when short, quick respirations, which I could determine as those of the panther after a brisk hunt, fell upon my ear. I knew they were stealthily drawing near for a spring: I could not doubt upon whom the spring was to be made. In the breathing of panthers while hunting, or immediately after, there is a sound like the E-flat of a siffleur lowly uttered, occasioned, not as in the case of the siffleur, by expiration, but by an inspiration, similar to the sound made by horses that are called "whistlers" in stable patois. The breathing of a hunting panther is peculiar: the air is drawn in through the nostrils and expelled by the mouth. Without rising or turning, I bent down my head, looking between my side and my arm, and perceived two black panthers, as hideous and ferocious as the one I had killed, trailing their bodies upon the ground, by the efforts of their fore-paws chiefly, about twenty yards from me. They could not see the horn of the rhinoceros, his back being towards them, or they would not have come so near. I took my roer, which was never beyond my reach, day or night, turned round, still upon my knees. The rhinoceros stared at me as he saw this manœuvre, perhaps wondering what I was about. As he bent his head to me, I patted his face coaxingly, wishing him to remain quiet while I fired. He had permitted me to shoot over his shoulders, and I did not anticipate an ob-

jection to my then mode of firing, nor did he offer any. The eyes of the ugly brutes fiercely glared at me, seemingly disconcerted at my facing them: they paused. If it is true that a lady who "hesitates is lost," there are epochs in the lives of panthers in which hesitation involves the same result. As their gleaming eyes rolled to each other, as if to ask, "What is to be done now?" they were off me. A shot at the female—which I knew by experience is ever the worst to deal with in cunning and savagery—told effectually. Her head dropped: she fought with the long grass desperately, tearing up the earth around her. I availed myself of the surprise of the male at the sudden discomfiture of his partner in mischief, and covered the orifice of his ear. With a conviction that his utmost span of life was limited to five minutes, I pulled. No sound, no motion, told that he was struck: he seemed transfixed to the earth when he fell. I rose, patted the "Captain's" broad, honest face, pointed to the bodies, and he knowingly tossed his head and trudged off to do the mangling.

He seemed to see something down the side of the Eastern Lake, and grunted in a way which assured me he had business to transact there, forthwith, and that he desired my company. He began his slow march, looking round to me, as if to say, "Come along"; and I went along, being in a compliable humor. We had gone about eighty yards, when I saw objects moving among the trees. A second glance showed me they were panthers. From their dodging in and out, and sideways, I thought they were endeavoring to seize some animal on the land, quite close to the water or at the very edge of the lake. If I interpreted the "Captain" rightly, he knew what they were doing and was quite bent upon putting a stop to it. He had seen such things before. I could only watch and wait. Wanting the pre-knowledge which my friend possessed, but could not impart to me, it seemed idle to form guesses. Enough for me to see the caps on my roer all right, so that when I arrived at some knowledge of the objects of the black invaders I might frustrate them and give some account of the enemy. About sixty yards from the trees around which the panthers craftily moved the "Captain" halted. He was the leader in this little affair. I halted, as he did, waiting for orders. I had not long to wait: the "Captain" was prompt in action when the right time came, and had a quick eye and ear to perceive that time. A hideous head protruded at the side of one tree, another head

made a similar demonstration at an opposite tree—both were quickly withdrawn. The "Captain" grunted. Wondering whether that grunt meant "look out" or "fire," I saw both heads recede again, as if watching some animal in or near the water. In a few seconds a young hippopotamus, all fat and legs, darted out from some trees, followed by another,—it might have been his twin brother. In clumsy play they seemed to chase each other, as they might think it; but two sacks full of wet sand would have been nearly as agile and quite as graceful. This, then, was the panther's game! For this they had invaded the lake district. Doubts vanished: I saw the matter as clearly as the "Captain" did. The young hippos rolled along like two Dutch cheeses, as fast as fat permitted, till they were about twelve yards from the trees. One more venturesome than his companion went ahead further still. That was the panthers' time. By an adroit flank movement they cut off his retreat to the lake, and, had no help been nigh, the ball of fat was doomed to feast the hungry raiders. They prepared for a simultaneous spring upon the victim. The "Captain" was greatly distressed—he knew what was coming—he was too far off to prevent it—he looked at me as if to see what I would do. I had no doubt, had he been alone he would have rushed on, but he seemed to wait for me. Did he know that I could do execution at a longer distance than he could? It really seemed so: at all events I took it for granted and levelled. There was a good chance of a fine double shot. The distance was short, the heavy charge of powder and the steel bolts I used instead of round balls were so crashing that nothing possessing life could resist them. My first shot took the panther farthest from me between the eyes; then, all afire with the excitement of attack and the sight of a speedy repast, they afforded a sure guide for an aim. He was just settled for the spring as the bolt struck. Dropping the ends of my barrels, I sent a bolt into the base of the skull of the other, which had his back towards me. I knew both shots were effective, as did "Rhino." He looked cunningly at me. I said, "Go at them, old fellow, they will not give you the trouble of running after them"; and away he went. The poor hippopotamus was terribly frightened, his retreat quite cut off by two such revolting, hideous creatures, still alive, as they seemed to him; for the gaunt brutes retained all the semblance of life, and appeared to be in the act of springing, although as dead as their great grandfathers. He quivered with terror and squeaked his

fears shrilly, but was paralyzed as regards motion. Not till the "Captain" sent one panther up towards the clouds did the frightened fellow discover that he had legs. Then he quickly shuffled off to the bank, and bundled himself into the lake, most ludicrously squeaking like a host of guinea pigs. For that day I am sure he was not tempted to go on shore again. His brother had gone to the bottom long before. I reloaded. The "Captain" was more savage with these panthers than with any. Whether it was that he viewed them as trespassers upon his own peculiar domain and that he considered hippopotami under his special protection I knew not; but it was clear to me that, although he teased them himself, he would not suffer other beasts to hurt them. He stamped them* flat and trumpeted fiercely. I would not have been a panther in his way that day for a trifle. As he walked, he shook the earth, and he emitted many sounds new to me and beyond my interpretation; but I could not fail to understand he was in great passion, and would let all panthers know that if they came his way. Still he had kindly sounds to utter to me, and seemed thankful for what I had done. He rubbed his head against the stock of my roer as if grateful to that also, but neither then nor at any time could he be induced to stand before the muzzle. If the barrels by chance pointed towards him, it was laughable to see how quickly yet clumsily he got away from them. A burnt child could not dread fire more. If I carried the gun upon my arm, the mouths of the barrels towards the ground, he would not be before me; but, if I shouldered it, with the barrels sloped skyward, I might go to him or he would come to me unhesitatingly. Against the stock he would rub his face and smell and look at the butt, but the mouths of the barrels he abhorred. One day I had the barrels off to clean them; I placed them against my tree; he saw them as he came to me, and made the most ridiculous effort at a jump out of their way imaginable. He saw me blowing into the barrels before I put them on the stock and dashed them out of my hands furiously. I tried to lift them by the muzzles, but he placed his foot upon them. Fearing he might injure the nipples, if not the barrels, I humored him by taking them up by the breech end. To that he did not object. He had seen fire emitted by the mouths, and knew not the difference between a gun loaded and unloaded. I could never load the gun without turning from him, nor

* The panthers.

would he suffer me to touch the mouths of the barrels in any way after he had seen how death was dealt from them, or, possibly, after he saw fire issue from them. But his greatest alarm was when I blew into them: then his huge frame shook terribly. An analysis of his sensations and notions then would have been curious, even if it could have been obtained.

It must be a poor head that is not wiser for a day's experience in the interior of Africa. I well remember a remark made by (I trust not "the late") Dr. Livingstone before he became an "explorer," "I should think no day can pass, in a life such as yours, without teaching you something you had not learned before: that consideration alone would tempt one to become a traveller in the far interior" And it is so. Unless a man walks with sealed eyes and closed ears, he must learn some new fact, especially in natural history.—*Temple Bar.*

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

(Continued from last number.)

Out of those beautiful Lea Hurst woods she made companions of the squirrels, who came fearlessly after her as she walked, to pick up the nuts mysteriously dropped in their path. Then when master squirrel least expected it, Florence turned sharp round and away raced the little brown creature up the tall beech, only to come down again with a quizzical look in his keen little eye at nuts held too temptingly for any squirrel of ordinary appetite to resist. With what delight she watched their funny antics, for she had the gift to make these timid creatures trust her.

Then in springtime there was sure to be a pet lamb to be fed, and Florence and her sister were indeed happy at this acquisition to the home pets. The pony which she rode and the dog which was ever at her side were of course her particular dumb friends. I am not sure, however, that she thought them dumb, for she and they understood one another perfectly. The love of animals which was so marked a characteristic in Florence Nightingale as a child remained with her throughout life and made her very sympathetic to invalids who craved for the company of some favorite animal. Many nurses and doctors disapprove of their patients having pets about them; but to quote the Queen of Nurses' own words: "A small pet animal is often an excellent companion for the sick, for long chronic cases especially. An invalid, in giving an account of his nurs-

ing by a nurse and a dog, infinitely preferred that of the dog. 'Above all,' he said, 'it did not talk.'

When Florence Nightingale reached her seventeenth year, she began to take her place as the squire's daughter, mingling in the county society of Derbyshire and Hampshire, and interesting herself in the people and schools of her father's estates. She soon acquired the reputation of being a very lovable young lady, as well as a very talented one. She had travelled abroad, could speak French, German, and Italian, sang sweetly, and was clever at sketching, and, when the taking of photographs became a fashionable pastime, "Miss Florence" became an enthusiast for the art.

Immediately below Lea Hurst were Smedley's hosiery mills, which employed hundreds of women and girls, many of whom lived on the Nightingale estate; and Miss Florence took great interest in their welfare. As she grew into womanhood, she started a Bible class for the young women of the district, holding it in the old building at Lea Hurst known as the "chapel." The class was unsectarian, for Smedley's people, following the example of their master, "Dr." John Smedley, were chiefly Methodists. However, religious differences were not bitter in the neighborhood, and Miss Nightingale welcomed to her class all young girls who were disposed to come, whether their parents belonged to "chapel or church."

It must not, however, be supposed that in the early years of her womanhood Miss Nightingale gave herself up entirely to religious and philanthropic work, though it formed a serious background to her social life.

Mr. Nightingale, as a man of wealth and influence, liked to see his wife and daughters taking part in county society. During the winter he entertained a good deal at Embley, which was a much larger and handsomer residence than Lea Hurst. Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale had a large circle of friends, and their house was noted as a place of genial hospitality, while their charming and accomplished daughters attracted many admirers.

The family did not confine themselves only to county society. They sometimes came to London for the season, and Florence and her sister made their courtesy to Queen Victoria when in the heyday of her early married life, and entered into the gayeties of the time.

However, as the years passed by, Florence Nightingale cared less for the excitement and pleasures of society. Her nature had begun

to crave for some definite work and a more extended field of activity than she found in private life. Two severe illnesses among members of her family had developed her nursing faculty, and, when they no longer required her attention, she turned to a systematic study of nursing.

To-day it seems almost impossible to realize how novel was the idea of a woman of birth and education becoming a nurse. Miss Nightingale was a pioneer of the pioneers. She herself had not then any clear course before her for her future, but she realized the important point that she could not hope to accomplish anything without training. The faculty was necessary, and the desire to be helpful to the sick and suffering, but a trained knowledge was the important thing. In a letter which Miss Nightingale wrote in after years to young women on the subject of "Work and Duty" she remarked: "I would say to all young ladies who are called to any particular vocation, qualify yourselves for it as a man does for his work. Don't think you can undertake it otherwise. Submit yourselves to the rules of business as men do, by which alone you can make God's business succeed; for he has never said that he will give his success and his blessing to sketchy and unfinished work." And on another occasion she wrote, "Three-fourths of the whole mischief in women's lives arise from their excepting themselves from the rules of training considered needful for men."

This was the spirit in which Miss Nightingale entered upon her chosen work, for she was the last person to "preach and not practise." The advice which she gave to other women, when she had herself risen to the head of her profession, had been the guiding influence of her own probation.

The beneficent work which distinguished her as the squire's daughter had given her useful experience, and had opened her eye to the need of trained nurses for the sick poor. What is now called "district nursing" at this period exercised the mind of Florence Nightingale, and her attention to military nursing was called forth later by a national emergency.

It was at this critical period of her life when her mind was shaping itself to such high purpose, that Florence Nightingale met Elizabeth Fry. The first grasping of hands of these two pioneer women would serve as a subject for a painter.

We picture the stately and beautiful old Quakeress in the characteristic garb of the Friends, extending a sisterly welcome to the young and earnest woman who came to

learn at her feet. The one was fast drawing to the close of her great work for the women prisoners, and the other stood on the threshold of a philanthropic career to be equally distinguished. We have no detailed record of what words were spoken at this meeting, but we know that the memory of the heavenly personality of Elizabeth Fry was an ever-present inspiration with Florence Nightingale in the years which followed.

It was a meeting of kindred spirits, but of distinct individualities. We do not find Miss Nightingale making any attempt to take up the mantle fast falling from the experienced philanthropist. She had her own line of pioneer work forming in her capable mind, but was eager to glean something from the wide experience through which her revered friend had passed. Mrs. Fry had, during the past few years, been visiting prisons and institutions on the Continent, and had established a small training home for nurses in London. She was a friend of Pastor Fliedner, the founder of Kaiserswerth, and had visited that institution. The account of his work and of the order of Protestant deaconesses which he had founded for tending the sick poor, given by Mrs. Fry, made a profound impression on Florence Nightingale, and resulted a few years later in her enrolment as a voluntary nurse at that novel institution.

In the mean time she studied the hospital system at home, spending some months in the leading London hospitals and visiting those in Edinburgh and Dublin. Then she undertook a lengthened tour abroad, and saw the different working of institutions for the sick in France, Germany, and Italy. The comparison was not favorable to this country. The nursing in our hospitals was largely in the hands of the coarsest type of women, not only untrained, but callous in feeling and often grossly immoral. There was little to counteract their baneful influence, and the atmosphere of institutions which, as the abodes of the sick and dying, had special need of spiritual and elevating influences, was of a degrading character. The occasional visits of a chaplain could not do very much to counteract the influence of the unprincipled nurse at the bedside. The habitual drunkenness of these women was then proverbial, while the dirt and disorder rampant in the wards was calculated to breed disease. The "profession," if the nursing of that day can claim a title so dignified, had such a stigma attaching to it that no decent woman cared to enter it, and, if she did, it was more than likely that she would lose her character.

In contrast to this repulsive class of women whom Miss Nightingale had encountered to her horror in the hospitals of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, and to the "Sairey Gamps," who were the only "professional" nurses available for the middle classes in their own homes, she found on the Continent the sweet-faced Sister of Charity.—"*Life of Florence Nightingale*," Sarah A. Tooley.

MARGARET FULLER.

(Continued from last number.)

I believe that in about three months from the time that Margaret commenced German she was reading with ease the masterpieces of its literature. Within the year she had read Goethe's "Faust," "Tasso," "Iphigenia," "Hermann and Dorothea," "Elective Affinities," and "Memoirs"; Tieck's "William Lovel," "Prince Zerbino," and other works; Körner, Novalis, and something of Richter; all of Schiller's principal dramas and his lyric poetry. Almost every evening I saw her, and heard an account of her studies. Her mind opened under this influence as the apple-blossom at the end of a warm week in May. The thought and the beauty of this rich literature equally filled her mind and fascinated her imagination.

But, if she studied books thus earnestly, still more frequently did she turn to the study of men. Authors and their personages were not ideal beings merely, but full of human blood and life. So living men and women were idealized again and transfigured by her rapid fancy,—every trait intensified, developed, ennobled. Lessing says that "the true portrait painter will paint his subject, flattering him as art ought to flatter,—painting the face not as it actually is, but as creation designed, omitting the imperfections arising from the resistance of the material worked in." Margaret's portrait-painting intellect treated persons in this way. She saw them as God designed them,—omitting the loss from wear and tear, from false position, from friction of untoward circumstances. If we may be permitted to use a somewhat transcendental distinction, she saw them not as they actually were, but as they really were. This accounts for her high estimate of her friends,—too high, too flattering, indeed, but justified to her mind by her knowledge of their interior capabilities.

Margaret's life had an aim, and she was therefore essentially a moral person, and not merely an overflowing genius, in whom "impulse gives birth to impulse, deed to

deed." This aim was distinctly apprehended and steadily pursued by her from first to last. It was a high, noble one, wholly religious, almost Christian. It gave dignity to her whole career, and made it heroic.

This aim from first to last was Self-culture. If she ever was ambitious of knowledge and talent, as a means of excelling others and gaining fame, position, admiration, this vanity had passed before I knew her, and was replaced by the profound desire for a full development of her whole nature, by means of a full experience of life.

In her description of her own youth she says, "Very early I knew that the only object in life was to grow."

This aim of life, originally self-chosen, was made much more clear to her mind by the study of Goethe, the great master of this school, in whose unequalled eloquence this doctrine acquires an almost irresistible beauty and charm.

"Wholly religious, and almost Christian," I said, was this aim. It was religious, because it recognized something divine, infinite, imperishable in the human soul, something divine in outward nature and providence, by which the soul is led along its appointed way. It was almost Christian in its superiority to all low, worldly, vulgar thoughts and cares; in its recognition of a high standard of duty and a great destiny for man. In its strength Margaret was enabled to do and bear, with patient fortitude, what would have crushed a soul not thus supported. Yet it is not the highest aim; for in all its forms, whether as personal improvement, the salvation of the soul, or ascetic religion, it has at its core a profound selfishness. Margaret's soul was too generous for any low form of selfishness. Too noble to become an epicurean, too large-minded to become a modern ascetic, the defective nature of her rule of life showed itself in her case only in a certain supercilious tone toward "the vulgar herd," in the absence (at this period) of a tender humanity and in an idolatrous hero-worship of genius and power. Afterward, too, she may have suffered from her desire for a universal human experience, an unwillingness to see that we must often be content to enter the kingdom of heaven halt and maimed,—that a perfect development here must often be wholly renounced.

With Margaret the doctrine of self-culture was a devotion to which she sacrificed all earthly hopes and joys,—everything but manifest duty. And so her course was "onward, ever onward," like that of Schiller, to her last hour of life.

But this high idea which governed our friend's life brought her into sharp conflicts which constituted the pathos and tragedy of her existence,—first with her circumstances, which seemed so inadequate to the needs of her nature; afterward with duties to relatives and friends; and finally with the law of the Great Spirit, in whose will she found it so hard to acquiesce.

The circumstances in which Margaret lived appeared to her like a prison. She had no room for utterance, no sphere adequate: her powers were unemployed. With what eloquence she described this want of a field! Often have I listened with wonder and admiration, satisfied that she exaggerated the evil, and yet unable to combat her rapid statements. Could she have seen in how few years a way would open before her, by which she could emerge into an ample field,—how soon she would find troops of friends, fit society, literary occupation, and the opportunity of studying the great works of art in their own home,—she would have been spared many a sharp pang.

Margaret, like every really earnest and deep nature, felt the necessity of a religious faith as the foundation of character. I find in her journal for 1833 the following passage, expressing the religious purity of her aspirations at that time:—

"Blessed Father, nip every foolish wish in blossom. Lead me any way to truth and goodness; but, if it might be, I would not pass from idol to idol. Let no mean sculpture deform a mind disorderly, perhaps ill-furnished, but spacious and life-warm. Remember thy child, such as thou madest her, and let her understand her little troubles, when possible, O beautiful Deity!"

A friend of Margaret, some years older than herself, gives me the following narrative:—

"I was," says she, in substance, "suffering keenly from a severe trial, and secluded myself from all of my friends, when Margaret, a girl of twenty, forced her way to me. She sat with me and gave me her sympathy, and, with most affectionate interest, sought to draw me away from my gloom. As far as she was able she gave me comfort. But, as my thoughts were then much led to religious subjects, she sought to learn my religious experience, and listened to it with great interest. I told her how I had sat in darkness for two long years, waiting for the light, and in full faith that it would come; how I had kept my soul patient and quiet,—had surrendered self-will to God's will, had watched and waited till at last his great mercy came in an infinite peace to my soul.

Margaret was never weary of asking me concerning this state, and said, 'I would gladly give all my talents and knowledge for such an experience as this.'

"Several years after this," continues this friend, "I was travelling with her, and we sat, one lovely night, looking at the river as it rolled beneath the yellow moonlight. We spoke again of God's light in the soul, and I said: 'Margaret, has that light dawned on your soul?' She answered: 'I think it has. But, oh! it is so glorious that I fear it will not be permanent, and so precious that I dare not speak of it lest it should be gone.'

"That was the whole of our conversation, and I did not speak to her again concerning it."

From her Journal.

"This first day I was taken up, but the second time the Holy Ghost descended like a dove. I went out again for a day, but this time it was spring. I walked in the fields of Groton. But I will not describe that day: its music still sounds too sweetly near. Suffice it to say, I gave it all into our Father's hands, and was no stern-weaving Fate more, but one elected to obey and love and at last know. Since then I have suffered, as I must suffer again, till all the complex be made simple; but I have never been in discord with the grand harmony."—*Life of Margaret Fuller.*

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publications), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

OCTOBER ZIGZAD.

All the words are of four letters, and are to be written one below the other. The zigzag from the initial of 1 to the final of 4, to the initial of 7 and the final of 10, will spell the sur-name of an English Commander, who surrendered to Washington, Oct. 19, 1781, and died in India Oct. 5, 1805.

1. Metal money.
2. Ballot.
3. Maize.
4. A small bird.
5. A village.
6. Tranquillity.
7. Part of a chain.
8. Frolic.
9. A sacred bird of Ancient Egypt.
10. To osculate.

"AMERICAN BOY."

II.

SOBRIQUETS.

Who were known by the following:—

1. Hero of the Nile.
2. Grand Old Man.
3. Poet of the Arthurian Romance.
4. Elia.
5. The Immortal Tinker

III.

WELL-KNOWN PAINTERS.

1. - I - H - - L - N - E - O.
2. J - G - U - - L - U - SD - V - -.
3. P - T - - P - - L - U - - N -.
4. B - R - - L - - É - S - ÉB - - M - R - - L -.
5. - E - - A - D - D - V - N - -.

IV.

ANAGRAMS.

Famous Commanders.

1. On, leap on.
2. New tolling.
3. Call in rows.
4. Oh glum arbor.
5. So we yell.

—*Youth's Companion.*

Answers to Puzzles in the September Number.

I. SEPTEMBER HISTORY.—1. Cornwallis. 2. Washington. 3. Pulaski. 4. Panola. 5. Columbia. 6. Atlanta. 7. Tompkins. 8. Metcalf. 9. Persia. 10. Schofield. 11. Rockcastle. Star Path: William Taft. Dagger Path: Chapultepec. 1 to 11, Chickamauga. 12 to 19, Antietam. 20 to 29, California. 30 to 34, André.

II. NUMERICAL PUZZLE.—1. Abraham Lincoln. 2. Charles Cornwallis. 3. Hernando Cortes. 4. John Dryden. 5. Johann Kepler.

III. HALF SQUARE.—M A I N E
A L T O
I T O
N O
E

BELATED OFFER.

Please address Mrs. E. E. Hudson, 2 Maple Place, Jamaica Plain, Mass., for any of the following: *Literary Digest*, 1909; *World's Work*, 1909; *The Public*, 1909; *Ladies' Home Journal*, 1907, 1908, 1909.

I believe that people will always go to church because they will always feel the need of it and the good of it. It will last, not because it is a custom or a duty, but because it satisfies an everlasting need of the soul.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club Secretary.

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Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Please make checks payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Chairman, Miss Helen L. Bayley, 399 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.